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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

DEBATE IN MOSCOW

SINCE THE AVOWED theme of the twenty-second congress of the Communist Party was Khrushchev's twenty-year program, the vehemence of the ideological debate over Albania has proved rather startling. Initial surprise that the the question was raised later gave way to the belief of some that this move was primarily an attempt by Khrushchev to reassert his uncontested leadership of the world Communist movement at a moment when Mao Tse-tung was hardly in a position to challenge him—because of China's acute need of increased Russian aid.

As, one by one, Europe's various Communist leaders took up the Khrushchev refrain, it appeared that he was to be upheld, by delegates all the way from Castro's Cuba to Outer Mongolia. But then a certain regional support became manifest for Chou En-lai's firm defense of Albania: not only did the heads of North Korea and North Vietnam pointedly fail to support Khrushchev on this issue, but the leaders of the Japanese, Indian and Indonesian Communist Parties remained silent, too.

What is the nature of this controversy within Communist ranks? That which turns Albania with its one and a half million people into a bedfellow of Communist China with its seven hundred millions is common adherence to what Khrushchev dubs the "cult of personality," or the hard-line Stalin approach. In practical terms this means a difference of opinion on how best to carry on the cold war. The Soviet leader claims to pin his hopes on "peaceful coexistence," on taking over the world without recourse to outright war, but rather through economic and cultural penetration, whereby the dynamic new Soviet system would win out over a capitalism in decline.

Not immediately contiguous to the U.S.S.R. or its satellites, tiny Albania under General Hoxha has manifested surprising audacity. It has purged the Albanian Communist Party of its Khrushchev elements, ejected the Russian submarines from their Albanian bases and consistently identified itself with the distant Chinese in ideological matters.

Almost from the beginning Mao Tse-tung has pursued an independent course, partly because he based his revolution on the Chinese peasant rather than an industrial proletariat. Even in Stalin's heyday Mao did not always go along with him, and from Khrushchev's 1956 denunciation of Stalin on there have been a number of both theoretical and practical disagreements.

YET THE WEST would be mistaken to assume that the long-awaited Sino-Soviet rift is at hand. The basic solidarity between the two Communist regimes continues. Although Khrushchev has apparently failed to secure general backing for his outright hegemony and the Chinese leaders are as determined as ever to maintain their independence, the two powers will continue to get along. Chou has gone back to Peiping, but things will be patched up.

Now that Khrushchev has test-fired his thirty-megaton bomb, there would seem to be little to choose between the two systems. The breathing spells that result from the Soviets' zig-zag course between fiery threats and sudden turns to conciliation are ever welcome. But is it better for the West periodically to be thrown off balance by such tactics than to confront an unrelieved antagonism, which calls for never dropping one's guard? (It would, of course, be different if the Soviet Union were actually to confine itself to the competition envisaged in genuinely "peaceful coexistence.")

Before Khrushchev gave orders to set off his very biggest bomb, he spoke of Berlin and Ger-

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many in rather accommodating terms. He realized that he had succeeded in sowing division among the Western powers, particularly between General de Gaulle and the rest. His lengthy speeches at the Congress optimistically presented the lineaments of a Communist paradise some twenty years hence, despite admitted present difficulties. His emphasis for the most part was on achievements that would require years of peace. Yet he coupled this with threats of setting off his big bomb, again flouting world opinion.

On the other hand, support for China's views within the Communist system would indicate even more belligerence on our adversaries' part. Perhaps the evidences of Mao's Asiatic support points toward a real split in the Communist camp in the distant future when China and Russia may be forcibly contending over the sparsely settled reaches of Mongolia. But it is difficult not to agree with President Kennedy that the American people are faced with a bitter and exacting struggle for years to come.

AID TO EDUCATION

THE SAFEST STATEMENT one can make about the recent debate over federal aid to education is that it began in confusion and ended in hysteria. The confusion was introduced at the outset by President Kennedy's dubious argument that federal aid to private education was unconstitutional. The hysteria was injected soon after by claims that Catholics were the victims of premeditated discrimination, and by extremists who saw in the Catholic demands still another plot to subvert the separation of Church and State.

Now that the debate has for the moment subsided, one can only hope that all the participants will take a close look at what they did. The most obvious fact is that everyone lost: the President, the Church and public education.

Catholics would do well to begin their own self-examination by reflecting carefully on the wise words of Richard Cardinal Cushing of Boston. Writing in his weekly column (October 21) in the Boston *Pilot,* Cardinal Cushing, noting non-Catholic opposition to aid to private schools, said:

"I feel that as long as the majority of the American people are against such use of taxes, Catholics ought to try to prove their right to such assistance but neither force such legislation through at the expense of national disunity nor use their political influence in Congress to block other legislation of benefit to education because they do not get their own way."

There can be little doubt, as the Cardinal's words imply, that Catholics were guilty of using undue political pressure, of gravely endangering the whole bill and of looking to their own interests first. The fact that the Catholic case, on grounds of constitutional law and public policy, is a viable one is no excuse for overlooking the arm-twisting tactics that were at times used or threatened.

No one, of course, will deny that pressure tactics, the use of threats and even arm-twisting is legitimate in a democracy. Every minority group has been forced to resort to such stratagems and it is normally expected that they will.

The question, however, is whether Catholics are wise in using this approach. We think not. We think Catholics have a special responsibility in matters affecting the common good; a special need to be wary of misusing their growing influence; a special duty not to coerce their fellow Americans.

What is a licit tactic for a secular special-interest group is not necessarily a good tactic for the Church. In this struggle pressure proved to be a bad way of pleading a good case. We were all the losers.

UNIONS AND DISCRIMINATION

THE A.F.L.-C.I.O. censure of A. Philip Randolph, its only Negro vice president, was an extraordinary action indeed. In a vote that was unanimous except for Mr. Randolph's own ballot, the federation's executive council approved a censure more far-reaching and more harshly worded than any statement it has issued since the expulsion of Jimmy Hoffa's Teamsters four years ago.

Last June, it will be remembered, Mr. Randolph made detailed charges of racial discrimination against a number of A.F.L.-C.I.O. member-unions and accused federation president George Meany of failing to fight for Negro rights. The year before that the president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters caused a storm at the A.F.L.-C.I.O. convention by making similar charges from the floor, rather than raising them in executive council. This was the occasion of Mr. Meany's angry question to him, "Who the hell appointed you spokesman for the whole Negro race?"

All of Mr. Randolph's charges were denied in the federation's motion of censure, which accused him of "incredible assertions" and "false and gratuitous statements." Indeed, the censure report continued, "the gap that has developed between or-

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ganized labor and the Negro community" has been caused directly by Mr. Randolph himself.

As bad luck would have it, though, the federal Civil Rights Commission issued a report of its own on the very day that the union federation released its rebuke to Mr. Randolph. And the findings of the commission, in a documented 246-page report, flatly contradicted the claims of virtue in the A.F.L.-C.I.O. censure of its Negro vice president. Despite official policy statements, said the commission report, "most international unions have failed to exhibit any profound concern over civil rights problems." Moreover, because the unions' "voluntary" efforts to curb discrimination have proved to be "largely ineffective," the C.R.C. report called for federal legislation to ban racial discrimination in labor unions.

Few observers of the labor scene in America could pretend to be surprised by this general vindication of Mr. Randolph; and thus we find ourselves, as in the past, supporting him in his quarrels with the "moderates" on the A.F.L.-C.I.O. executive council. George Meany accuses Mr. Randolph of having "gotten close to these militant groups" in the last few years, and this accusation in itself reveals both the cleavage between the two union officers and the weakness of Mr. Meany's stand.

The fact is that A. Philip Randolph, just as Mr. Meany charges, is "militant." The corollary fact is that George Meany, as Mr. Randolph charges, is not "militant." Once the issue is put in terms as simple as these, the position of the president and executive council of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. begins to look no more attractive than that of the "moderates" who are forever counseling the Negro to be patient and to trust in the ultimate good will of those who deny him his rights.

In the century since Emancipation, patience and trust brought the American Negro only a scandalously short distance in the journey towards the human rights he receives from God and the civil rights he is guaranteed by the Constitution. More has been accomplished in the last few years by court action and by such militants as the N.A.A.C.P., C.O.R.E. and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference than in all the weary decades since the end of the Civil War. Can anyone deny this? And can anyone deny that the situation within organized labor is not significantly different from the situation in the nation at large?

No, Mr. Meany is mistaken if he thinks A. Philip Randolph is on the wrong side of the "militancy" debate. Perhaps it can be shown that Mr. Randolph has sometimes exaggerated; perhaps he is oversensitive where Negro rights are concerned; unquestionably he is troublesome. But these are the characteristics of the passionate reformer, who is always called, and may well be, an extremist.

As for Mr. Meany's argument that friends of the union movement should not criticize it, this is not a call to responsibility but to irresponsibility and hypocrisy. The kind of union loyalty Mr. Meany seems to want is actually disloyalty to something larger than the union movement—to principle and truth. Silencing criticism on grounds of loyalty to class, party or religious group is an old and, we had thought, thoroughly repudiated tactic. Mr. Randolph is quite right in rejecting it.

GAMBLING ON TITO

EVER SINCE ITS break with the Soviet Union in 1949, Marshal Tito's Yugoslavia has posed a vexing problem for American foreign policy. Yugoslavia is patently a Communist country with all the totalitarian trappings. Tito's own record is that of a hard and ruthless man. The only good thing that can be said for Tito is that he dared to set out on an independent, "revisionist" course.

But that single fact was enough to convince Presidents Truman and Eisenhower that aid to Yugoslavia was a good gamble. The gamble was solely that such aid would make it economically and militarily possible for Tito to persevere in his chosen course. That Tito did remain independent and was a source of tension within the ranks of international Communism seemed to bear out the wisdom of taking the gamble.

President Kennedy, however, has had good reason to think twice about continuing such aid. Tito's performance at the Belgrade neutralists' conference hardly seemed that of an uncommitted man: on almost every issue he took the Soviet line. Yet the fact that the United States has just sold Yugoslavia 130 jet fighters seemed, to some at least, to show that the President has not thought twice at all.

This is a rash conclusion. For one thing, the jets are obsolescent; for another, the sale had been initiated some time ago during the Eisenhower Administration. Most important, Tito's Belgrade position hardly proves he is no longer independent; there is not yet evidence enough to show that a further gamble to aid him would be foolish. President Kennedy's decision to re-examine the whole situation seems eminently sound. An emotional decision to halt our aid could easily have the effect of making true what is now only a speculation.

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INNOCENCE ABROAD

THE CASE of Margery Michelmore, the postcard-writing Peace Corps girl, has caused a great furor, both here and in Nigeria—and not just because of the fact that Miss Michelmore manages to get more words on a postcard than anyone else I ever heard of (one hundred and sixty-four, by my count, including articles).

"With all the training we have had," Miss Michelmore wrote in the pertinent passage of her postcard, "we were really not prepared for the squalor and absolutely primitive living conditions rampant both in the cities and the bush (jungle). We had no idea about what 'underdeveloped' means. It really is a revelation and once we got over the initial, horrified shock, it is a very rewarding experience. Everyone except us lives in the streets, cooks in the streets, and even goes to the bathroom in the streets."

I suspect it was this last sentence—which is, heaven knows, American through and through—that roused Nigerian ire more than anything else. Allowing for the normal youthful tendency to overstate things to some extent, however, I doubt that the comments on the card are the "blatant untruths" one Nigerian educator in this country termed them. Nigeria *is* underdeveloped; all Miss Michelmore has proved is that it, like most underdeveloped countries, is very sensitive on the subject. And in Nigeria as in most underdeveloped countries, it is easy enough for anti-Western groups to seize upon any incident and use it against us.

Some editorialists took this affair to mean that Peace Corps officials had failed utterly in their efforts to prepare American young people for what they will encounter abroad. But this position, it seems to me, underestimates the difficulties involved.

Take, for example, Margery Michelmore herself. The daughter of an executive in the electronics industry, she went straight from a home in a middle-class suburb of Boston to Smith College. She is, I feel sure, a public-spirited and idealistic girl, or she would not have joined the Peace Corps. But I see nothing in the published accounts of her life that would prepare her for the shock of Nigeria or any underdeveloped area.

It is true, of course, that Miss Michelmore and all the young Peace Corps people spent weeks in preparation before they were sent overseas. After many hours of listening to lectures and studying reports, the girl undoubtedly could have passed any examination on conditions in the underdeveloped areas. But she was still essentially unprepared for what she found, because she did not "know" poverty herself.

This is, I think, bound to be a recurring problem. By its very nature the Peace Corps will tend to be drawn predominantly from the middle and upper classes. Barring an unusual degree of empathy, its members will normally be emotionally unready for what they will find overseas, precisely because of the limitations of their own experience. Indeed, the problem involved is really bigger than the Peace Corps, for it reflects the gap that exists between the wealthy United States and most of the rest of the world—and to a lesser extent between the rich and poor here at home, for that matter.

Given this fact, incidents like the postcard affair are bound to happen, and in my opinion Peace Corps officials did exactly the right thing by refusing to panic over it. For the future, though, could something be done to lessen the problem? I am not sure how it could be handled, but I am inclined to think it might help if Peace Corps members had more contact with poverty before they went overseas.

Here in New York, for example, there are blocks and blocks of substandard housing in which entire families are crowded into one room, living out their lives in conditions which are almost beyond belief. Spending some time in such neighborhoods might not make the underdeveloped areas look good, but it should make them look a lot better. And this process of education would not, of course, have to be limited to New York; similar conditions can be found in many cities.

Or, as far as that goes, the Peace Corps young people might even more usefully encounter rural poverty, which is often worse than that in the city. Take them off the beaten track in some of the worst depressed areas—as a start take them, for example, through the mining country of West Virginia where candidates Kennedy and Humphrey vied for votes before the Democratic convention. In such areas members of the Peace Corps and most Americans could, without ever leaving our shores, come much closer to the meaning of poverty.

This is not to say that living conditions in the urban slums of New York or the rural slums of West Virginia are identical with those of Nigeria. They are not, of course, and the underlying problem is different. But if the young people who are slated to wrestle with poverty and underdevelopment overseas had a chance to look squarely into the face of poverty in this country, perhaps they would be better prepared for what lies ahead of them.

If the Peace Corps does make New York or West Virginia part of their training ground, however, there should be one rule: no postcards! Nigerians are not the only people in the world who are sensitive about their poverty.

JAMES O'GARA.

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After the Union Ball

There has been a very real deficiency in effective and aggressive leadership in the American labor movement

by MICHAEL HARRINGTON

IN RECENT MONTHS there has been an absolute torrent of gossip about relationships within the American labor movement. George Meany and Walter Reuther are reported to encounter one another in an atmosphere of sullen, and near silent, hostility. Leaders of the old C.I.O. are privately quoted as saying that a split is about to take place in the A.F.L.-C.I.O. There is talk of a knock-down, drag-out fight at the coming convention of the federation, with Reuther rumored to be angling for the presidency.

It is, of course, impossible to track down every story heard over the back fences of the organized labor movement. But it is extremely important that one understand the pressures and tensions which are making for so much unrest within the A.F.L.-C.I.O. What is involved is considerably more than a clash of personalities. It is, rather, a first-class crisis within American trade unionism.

When American labor came together five years ago and formed the largest united organization of democratic trade unionists in the world, there was a mood of optimism. The unions were to take the offensive. They were going to organize new workers and refurbish their relations with middle-class America. The current crisis is a product of the almost complete frustration of this hope.

The first premise of the optimistic perspective at the time of the unification of the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. was that a massive drive for new organization was at last possible. In the intervening years, however, the recruitment of unorganized workers has not increased but has slowed to a walk. The unions are hitting about fifty per cent in organizing elections (compared to seventy-five and eighty per cent in the old days), and there is an ominous portent in the growing number of decertification elections.

In part, this retreat is a result of the crisis of the American economy as a whole. During this period chronic unemployment has been on the increase, automation has been wiping out the blue-collar jobs which are the traditional focus of union organization, and white-collar and service trades employment has been climbing. The major industrial unions like Auto and Steel have in consequence been losing members, not recruiting them. This, of course, is not simply a result of inadequate labor leadership; only an effective federal program to deal with the unemployment and automation situations could have provided a basis for labor growth in its old strongholds.

YET THE FAILURE of union organization is not a simple result of economic forces. There has been a very real deficiency in effective and aggressive leadership from the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Take the migrant workers as an example. There is hardly a domestic issue (with the exception of civil rights) which has stirred such widespread sympathy in all sections of the American population. The reaction to the Murrow TV documentary, "Harvest of Shame," made it clear that the unions could win back an old ally if they really attempted to organize this most depressed and exploited group in the economy: middle-class support was there for the asking.

But at the last executive meeting of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., the whole migrant worker campaign was dropped. To a certain extent this was the result of fratricidal rivalries within the federation. The question of jurisdiction couldn't be settled and therefore the migrants were left to their suffering. Another factor was old fogeyism, pure and simple. The conservative elements of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. were much more concerned with battles for the franchise over organized workers than they were for a dynamic campaign to bring farm labor into the union movement. The old C.I.O. unionists, as might be expected, put up a hard fight—but they lost. (Matters were not helped when Arthur Goldberg

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moved much more cautiously than James Mitchell, his Republican predecessor, and thus delivered a severe blow to the Imperial Valley migrant strike.)

Another anticipated gain of labor unity was a more vigorous struggle against the racketeers, an effort to return to the springs of social idealism which have been so important to the union movement in the past. The first result of the policy was the expulsion of the Teamsters and actions against some of the lesser corrupt elements in the federation. But this was not followed up by any organizational challenge to Hoffa (a joke of the period: one A.F.L.-C.I.O. President asks another, "Have you signed an agreement with Hoffa yet?" Answer: "No, I am not a member of the Ethical Practices Committee."). And at the same time, questionable and corrupt elements from the Building Trades stayed in the federation without difficulty.

So it is that only a few years after the expulsion of the Teamsters, there developed a tendency to feel that it was a mistake. The argument for this position, advanced by dedicated and honest unionists, holds that more could have been done if Hoffa had been within the organized labor movement than was possible after his expulsion. Whatever the merits of this position, it is still another sign of defensiveness and pessimism within the unions. The Hoffa expulsion was a product of an optimistic spirit, a desire for frontal assault upon labor's problems; the rethinking of the issue is a result of a spirit of frustration and helplessness.

Finally, another major gain of labor unity was to be a concerted attack upon racism in the unions. On this front, there have been unquestioned gains. Most union constitutions with Jim Crow clauses have been rewritten; and there have been actual advances (the U.A.W., for instance, moved with commendable dispatch when challenged by racism in a Southern local, and was prepared to sacrifice dues and per capita in the name of integrationist principle). But the last six years have also seen an unparalleled growth in Negro militancy. Men like A. Philip Randolph, and organizations like the Negro American Labor Council, have quite rightly demanded a much faster pace for racial justice in the labor movement. In particular, they have pointed to bastions of racism in the craft unions, where the apprenticeship programs are used to exclude Negroes.

Developments in the race situation have been the source of a whole series of problems. On the one hand, the sincere anti-racist whites in the labor leadership feel that they are being pushed too hard by the Negro unionists, that there is not enough appreciation for their battles with their conservative and Jim Crow colleagues. (Often these white leaders simply do not comprehend the urgency and passion generated by over a century of Negro exploitation.) On the other hand, there is a real danger that Negro resentments may be transformed into open hostility to unionism itself and result in the loss of elections. Leaders like Randolph are devoted trade unionists. They seek reform of the labor movement, not splits, and feel that Negroes must become members if they are to achieve real equality. But there is always the danger that the pent-up emotion of the discriminated may break forth as anti-unionism.

In short, the bold program of 1955 is in a shambles. The unorganized have not been brought into the movement, and there has been an actual loss of membership. Automation and chronic unemployment are issues which can only be solved on a nation-wide level and there is no sign that they will. The anti-racketeering campaign has lost much of its drive. And the issue of racism has led to fights within the most progressive and socially conscious wing of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. The tensions and rivalries in the A.F.L.-C.I.O. today are explicable only when they are placed in this six-year context of defensiveness, failure and frustration.

GENERALLY SPEAKING, the C.I.O. unions formed the most advanced wing of the labor movement at the time of merger, but it would be a mistake to read the present conflict as a simple repetition of the old antagonism between the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. Rather, it has ranged all of the unions with an industrial base against those with a more narrow craft structure. In this line-up, Reuther and the C.I.O unions have been joined by former A.F.L. affiliates like the Machinists, the Garment Workers, and even some of the industrial sections of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers.

The battle has become intense precisely because of the general decline in union membership. In such a situation, jurisdictional questions tend to become a matter of life and death. The craft unions look covetously at skilled workers within the industrial organizations, and there is a constant internal attrition. Thus a sort of vicious circle is created. Because the labor movement is torn from within, it is less able to reach out to new workers; because it is not organizing, jurisdictional battles over the already organized become more intense.

This whole development has its political dimension. When the Landrum-Griffin bill was before Congress many of the craft unions were primarily concerned with narrow issues directly related to their own situation. The industrial unions were, on the other hand opposed to the whole structure of the law. Reliable reports from Washington indicate that pro-labor Congressmen were confused and divided by the resultant lack of any coherent and united union position. This was a factor in what became a stunning labor defeat—a defeat, ironically enough, which occurred within

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year of the great union political victories of 1958, the defeat of "Right-to-Work" in many states, and the election of a liberal Congress.

A further political irritant is very real, if somewhat distant from immediate economic issues. For years now, George Meany has taken an extremely conservative line in foreign policy, with Jay Lovestone, labor's *éminence grise* of negative and unimaginative anti-Communism, riding high. The social unionists are hardly going to split the labor movement over such an issue. Yet it is galling to them to find that the ultra-conservative *National Review* can praise the foreign policy declaration of the last executive meeting of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. as one of the best statements to be found in the United States today; and this is one more source of irritation.

Then, too, there is the curious position of George Meany in this conflict. Meany came from the A.F.L. craft side (and from the New York Building Trades, hardly a school of advanced social thought, at that). Yet in the first period of merger he seemed to side with the progressive unionists of the old C.I.O. In a speech of that time, he reviewed the history of the C.I.O. split in the Thirties and all but acknowledged that it was a necessary and positive step. It was Meany, too, who gave a top priority to the clean-up of racketeers, and who constantly was pictured in fraternal conferences with Walter Reuther.

In recent years, however, Meany has become more cautious, more "moderate." At the time of the fight within the labor movement on how to handle Landrum-Griffin, for example, he did not play a forceful political role. He has seemed to mark time, indeed to reflect in his personality the loss of *élan* which has infected the entire union organization. Without a really powerful leader, and in a period of extreme internal tensions and stresses, it was almost inevitable that the A.F.L.-C.I.O. would find itself a battleground of opposing factions and tendencies.

WILL THERE, then, be a split? The answer to this would seem to be two-fold: a split already exists; it will probably not take the form of the organizational break-up of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.

In one sense, the merger of American labor never really took place. In the first period, there was unity at the top, and the process of actual unification throughout the labor movement seemed to be proceeding along at a good rate. But before this development was completed, the internal battle became a central fact of life in the labor movement. In effect, the industrial unions began to develop their own collective bargaining and political line. The conservative craft unions, long united by ties of common interest and historical relations, responded in kind.

This "cold split," as noted before, did not follow classic lines of prior affiliation. Nevertheless, it did set up competing centers of union power and policy. In Texas, for example, this battle recently resulted in the defeat of the industrial union forces and their effective expulsion from any real position within the merged organization; significantly, the industrial unionists are setting up a semi-autonomous center of their own. In some ways, this *de facto* split behind the facade of a united organization is even more productive of frustration and personal antagonism than an open war between two separate organizations would be. It is a major factor in the current crisis.

Still, it is unlikely that the *de facto* split will become public and formal. There are few people in the labor movement, whatever their private disillusionment about the result of the merger, who want to bear the onus of splitting the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and setting up two competing federations. (Although there is that persistent and fascinating rumor: that Hoffa and Harry Bridges of the West Coast Longshoremen will take the lead in setting up *their* federation.) In all probability, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. will emerge from its December meeting under the same big banner.

A more likely development than an out-and-out split would be a real struggle for the succession to Meany. For some time the gossip mills have been buzzing with rumors that Reuther will make such a bid in the near future. There are, however, many reasons to doubt this development. The U.A.W. President, even though he has support which goes beyond the old C.I.O., probably doesn't have the votes to win. Further, Reuther in recent times has seemed to withdraw from the internal battle in the federation. He stayed away from the last Executive meeting, for example, on the grounds that he was needed for negotiations in Detroit. This is plausible enough, but it is not the tactic of a man who is running for the presidency of the federation.

In short, the probabilities point toward a continuation of the present situation: formal unity, an ambiguous, vacillating President (whether Meany retires or not), and continuous, bitter internal conflict.

CLEARLY, this analysis is hardly optimistic. For if the *status quo* does not change within the labor movement, then the workers of America are going to suffer. Wages and working conditions are hardly going to advance dramatically under the present conditions. But is there any basis in the picture for hope? Will this stalemate and stagnation end?

There is no simple answer, of course, but it is possible to suggest that certain preconditions are necessary if labor is to move forward again. One of these is political: the extent to which the Administration will face up to the problems of automation, structural unemployment, and the other economic trends which

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are so destructive of labor's power and so productive of internal conflict. The other involves the question of developing leadership and new programs within the unions themselves.

It would be a serious mistake to imagine that the A.F.L.-C.I.O. could have been making enormous strides during the recent past. No matter who was in control, no matter what policy was followed, the basic economic facts of life were of a type to put unions on the defensive. When automation strikes an industry, for instance, the resultant problems are beyond the scope of traditional collective bargaining. At one and the same time, a large number of workers are laid off and the union is made weaker because its economic power is reduced. Even if the companies affected were really concerned with the human ravage involved, there are probably not sufficient resources within a single corporation, or even an entire industry, to deal with such extensive displacement and change.

Given this fact, a fundamental resolution of labor's crisis depends on government intervention to reverse the growing trend to chronic unemployment. The unions exerted their political power to this end in the opening days of the Kennedy Administration, yet the legislative results were, to put it charitably, most moderate. The depressed areas law will not really deal with the depressed areas; the minimum wage bill has a most limited impact; the action on unemployment seeks to lessen, not to eliminate, the problem; and so on, in almost every law that was pushed through the Congress.

One consequence of this disappointing outcome is that more and more labor leaders have been making public criticisms of the Kennedy legislative performance. Although they are still behind the President, they are pressing for more vigorous action. However, if this political development is to have real significance, the union movement will have to do some imaginative thinking. One of the hopes of the merger was increased and effective labor involvement in politics. Yet during the past five years the labor movement has continued playing a diffuse, dependent role within the Democratic party.

Not too long ago, Walter Reuther said, "You can't have me and Eastland in the same party." This sentiment was not simply a result of the civil rights battle. It was also a recognition of the fact that the Dixiecrats, who in the thirties did vote for New Deal social legislation, are now becoming full-bodied reactionaries. At their last convention the Auto Workers passed a resolution on political realignment, but like so many union declarations in recent times this has remained on the level of a pious hope. However, if there is to be a significant mobilization of social energy to meet the problems of the economy, some restructuring of American politics is clearly needed.

So far, at least, there are few signs that labor is ready to take a new political tack in the direction of independent action, but there are indications of some changing policy ideas. Thus during the last year the industrial unions have devoted considerable effort to studying the Scandinavian and British techniques for dealing with unemployment and depressed areas. Significantly enough, these include a much greater emphasis on national planning and government intervention in the economy. The British unionists, for instance, won a law requiring that a company get government approval for plant location. This idea, and some Swedish legislation on unemployment have been getting a considerable play in the labor press.

Unfortunately, however, the present period does not seem to be one of advance and innovation for the A.F.L.-C.I.O. The economic situation and the internal crisis have created a mood of frustration and defensiveness rather than of invention and creativity. Sadly, one must in the end conclude that the unions will have to marshal considerable skill if they are not to retreat even more rather than advance during the next period. The labor movement, potentially the most decisive source of practical idealism in our democratic society, is weak precisely at a time when the problems confronting it are overwhelming.

EDWARD

slithers across iridescent
playground patterns to alley shadows
school noons. In trinitarian council
he puffs dried leaves and shivers
beneath sorrel rafters cracking
knuckles over a barnful of coldness.

This Edward, jaw unhinged,
runs eyes lightly over the desk
like sparrow's shadow on new snow.
He, who regales my dissenting ears
with small talk of nightly beers, pours
airy thought across the desk. It threads
up like narrow lines of translucent bubbles.

"You know. Did you ever think
how space keeps on going, how God
never started? You just—" He swipes
a quick hand from brow to arrowed chin
as concrete metaphor of bewilderment.
"I did, the other night in bed."
Even now, the mind reeling against skull
sets the head bobbing a disjointed measure.
This Edward smokes, drinks,
and gets intoxicated with infinity.

SISTER MARY TIMOTHY, S.S.N.D.

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Cool Cats in Sweden

by ANN MORRISSETT

VIOLENT CRIMES are so relatively rare among Swedish youth that when one happens it is headlined, deplored, argued and analyzed for weeks and months afterwards. Thus when a seventeen-year-old boy in west Sweden pulled a gun on his schoolmates at a dance a few months ago, killing one and injuring six others, a controversy raged for weeks in the press and on radio and television about who the real culprit was. Major suspects were the American TV Western heroes, the Cartwright Brothers.

Appearing fortnightly during the past year or so, the fast-drawing, quick-shooting Cartwright Brothers have been featured in "Bonanza," one of the most popular filmed series ever shown on Swedish TV. And the boy who shot his schoolmates was one of the Cartwrights' most ardent fans.

Such newspaper headlines as "Can a person become murderous from watching the Cartwrights?", "What is the relation between TV and youth criminality?", "The Cartwrights are innocent," and even—when the opera opened—"Is Lohengrin one of the Brothers Cartwright?", indicate the extent of the ensuing public debate. A TV panel discussion among the director of Swedish TV, a Parliament member, and several scholars was entitled "Can we blame the Cartwrights?" A full-page cartoon in one of Stockholm's afternoon papers portrayed TV chief Baerendtz as a Western sheriff standing before "The Swedish TV Saloon" (sic), surrounded by disturbed mothers and children. One mother bears her cowboy-clad son in her arms saying, "He's got the Cartwright disease." At the bottom of the cartoon, an editorial comment states: "Whether or not 'Bronco-itis' disease is dangerous for our youth, there's probably too much USA-wretchedness in our TV."

Increasingly fascinated by the color and intensity of the controversy, and by the phenomenon of booted cowboys and leather-jacketed Elvis Presleys with their sulky blond molls on the streets of Stockholm, I decided to inquire further into the problems of this portion of Swedish youth—the *"raggare"*—and American influences in general. In the month following the murder in west Sweden (and another in Stockholm shortly afterwards, by knife), I talked with a number of people, including the head of the Social Affairs Department of Stockholm, the director of the largest "Children's Village," a youth psychiatrist with the Child Welfare Board, several TV officials, and a man who had made a film about and with Swedish teen-agers called "Raggare!" And I talked with the *"raggare"* themselves.

What and who are the *"raggare"?* Increasingly after the war Swedish youth—like teen-agers in other industrialized countries—began to find it both fascinating and possible to have their own cars. Pre-war bicycles were replaced first by motorcycles; then, as used cars began to flow in, especially from the United States, boys pooled resources to buy cars together. And the girls, looking like pale Marilyn Monroes and Brigitte Bardots, stood around in the streets and popular hangouts waiting for the boys to pick them up. They included many teen-agers even from wealthy or middle-class families, though most came from lower-income groups: collectively they came to be known as *"raggare."* Racing from city coke-joints to country roadhouses, mad for rock-and-roll, drinking and necking in their cars, clustering in conspicuous clumps around the movie-houses which show Westerns and thrillers, their general appearance ranges from Wild West to Village Beat. They are perhaps little different from their counterparts in the United States and other Western countries; the Swedish *raggare* are only a little later, more unexpected, and possibly a little more appealing.

I FIRST heard about the Cartwright Brothers from a school class of fresh-faced thirteen-year-old girls I visited. The first question they asked me about the United States was "Do you know the Cartwright Brothers?", the second was "Have you ever been to Virginia City?" When their teacher explained to me what it was all about and I confessed ignorance, they then got down to such basic questions as "Does every child in the United States have a television set?", and "Do you know Marlon Brando?"

Actually it is more this age-group than the real *raggare* who watch TV. Older teen-agers want to get out of the house more often, are the present bulk of Sweden's moviegoers, and have easier access to cars and the opposite sex. But it is among the younger teen-agers that there is more delinquency, and highest

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on the crime list is car theft. Among older youth, crimes are somewhat less frequent (or less frequently caught), more serious, and more drastically treated by the state.

The usual treatment for young delinquents is psychiatric and social investigation and aid, foster home placement if advisable, institutional care if absolutely necessary. Children's Village near Stockholm is one such open institution treating some forty problem children up to the age of fifteen. As in other countries, most are from broken, overcrowded homes; they often have parents who are alcoholics, criminals, or prostitutes. Older youth who grow out of institutional care sometimes live in city-run residences with house parents until judged ready to be on their own.

Visiting one of these residences, I got into a conversation with a young blond in a tight sweater whose walls were plastered with pictures of the Cartwright Brothers, Bardot, Monroe, Brando, James Dean, Elvis Presley, Floyd Patterson, and several young Swedish actors whom I had seen in the "Raggare!" film. When I asked her what she thought of "Raggare!", she shrugged and said the general opinion among the *raggare* was that it was exaggerated. Another film about the *raggare* which had been widely discussed was "Suzanne," made by a doctor who was horrified and moved to action by the numerous cases of motorcycle and car accidents he had to treat among youth. Later, in going out with the *raggare* and seeing how accurate in many ways the pictures were, I began to understand why they called these films "overdone"; they recognized themselves, but the concentrated characterization was unrecognizable, or perhaps difficult to take—as the man who knows he drinks too much may not care to be characterized as an alcoholic.

Wanting to talk further with the *raggare,* I went with a Swedish friend to a main *raggare* spot in Stockholm. It was crowded with boys in leather jackets, sideburns, duck-tail haircuts, girls with casual mops of usually white-blond hair, heavy eye makeup, pale lipstick, tight sweaters and slacks or very tight short skirts, and spike heels. Lined up outside were cars of every vintage and make (mostly American), a few motorcycles, and two policemen. It was noisy and smoky, a crowd was gathered around the pin-ball machine, others milled in and out to the juke-box beat. Occasionally a policeman stuck his head in the door. Everyone drank cokes.

The two boys sitting next to us overheard us speaking English and started talking with us. We asked them what other places they usually went to, and they offered to take us on their rounds. We were packed with five others into an American car which was several years old but kept in good condition. The radio, whose speaker was in the back, blared American music during the whole ride; the most popular stations, they told us, were Radio Luxembourg (mostly in English) and Radio Nord, a station on a boat just off Sweden's coast (financed, I'm told, by Texas millionaires).

We arrived at a café in the country, similar to American roadhouse cafés except that the customers were all teen-agers. The traffic in and out was incessant and noisy. Most of the cars were even more crowded than ours, and many couples remained in the cars necking and drinking from bottles obtained from illegal sources. Inside the café it was very much the same as at the city place. Passion was more overt, cokes were being spiked with private illegal liquor supplies. The motorcyclists who came in and out were like cowboys swaggering into the local saloon, their helmets, bright fur rug-seats and girls trailing gloriously behind.

Petter, one of the boys we were with, said that many of the *raggare* used to go to their own car-clubhouses but they didn't have these anymore because there had been too much noisy drinking and other trouble. Later the head of the Social Affairs Department told me the city had stopped renting these old houses in the country to the car clubs because they had become "centers of immorality." Some of the car clubs whose names I jotted down were: Road Devils, Car Angels, Teddy Boys, Road Rockets, Road Stars, Thunder Road Club, Los Diablos, Knights of the Road, Hell Drivers, Little Chicago, The Beatniks, The Black Shadows, El Toros, Hot Rod Drivers. All were in English except for the two Spanish names. Petter and Sven told me that there were a few clubs with Swedish names "too bad" to translate. Both boys knew English not so much from their nine years of schooling as from the radio, movies, TV, and *Hot Rod* magazine. Altogether there are about fifty car clubs in Stockholm, they told me, with membership ranging from around twenty to several hundred, and many with national affiliations. Their own club, they said, does not permit drinking and has other strict rules (although I saw them violated, and the Social Affairs head told me they all say this).

From the roadhouse we went on to a drive-in (called that, in English), where coke and beer bottles thrown from car windows seemed to indicate little concern for tires although otherwise the cars seemed lovingly cared-for. A few flashy American makes occasionally pulled in and caused envious comment. Some cars had loudspeakers and sirens; many had searchlights on top like those on American police cars.

Afterwards we gave a lift to two girls who were looking over incoming cars for an interesting ride home. Sven and Petter knew them, and they finally accepted going with us, perhaps out of curiosity. They did not speak English, but asked me through the boys if the *raggare* in the United States were cool, more than in Sweden. They said they wanted to go to the United States, and asked if I had seen Elvis. Was he liked as much in the States as in Sweden? I said I guessed so, among teen-agers, and they laughed.

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A few nights later "El Toros" gave a party in a garage loft on the outkirts of Stockholm. In a large dark section of it a rock-and-roll singer was undulating and wailing above the whines and thumps of an electric guitar, a bass fiddle and drums. The usual cowboys and wild ones were there, and dancing was being used as an excuse for passionate love-making, although many of the boys sat on the side or wandered around: Petter told me they did not know how to dance. Instead they went frequently into the toilet where the illegal liquor was stashed, and loaded up with courage.

Sven pointed out one boy in particular: he was breezy and American-looking. He had lived in America, Sven said, but had been deported for "gangsterism." This seemed an interesting twist: although out of the relatively few Americans in Sweden several have recently been mixed up in narcotics and other charges, one seldom thinks of any of the numerous upright, hardworking Swedes in the United States in connection with crime. Later the boy was introduced and showed me a tattoo on his hand: he seemed to think that, as an American, I should recognize it. It was too noisy to talk further, but Sven told me later it was the mark of his gang, and that a point was added every time he committed a crime—rape, theft, etc. I don't know how true this was, but I asked Sven jokingly how many points he himself had. He replied casually he did not go in for that sort of thing; he had, however, been arrested fifteen times, mostly for thefts when he was younger. I left the party before midnight, when a number of the teen-agers were already quite drunk and the noise was ear-splitting. An hour or two later, the police came and broke up the party.

ALL THIS can hardly be traced to the Cartwright Brothers, of course; TV programmers are not wrong who say that those of this age group "driven to crime" by such particular influences are very small in number, and unbalanced in any case. But taking the total sum of influences wafting over to this relatively civilized, homogeneous peninsula from the heterogeneous American continent—through records, radio, Western and gangster movies, TV serials, jazz musicians and conspicuously-consuming tourists—it is not surprising that youth in particular are both deeply impressed and outrageously imitative. America seems to be a whole civilization geared to them: quick passions, flashy materialism, sensual rhythms, desperate emotions, excitement for its own sake, dare-devil bravado.

A few adult Swedes and a good many Americans have suggested that the comfortable, desensitized bourgeois welfare state may have something to do with the worst aspects of the *raggare* attitude. This is something of the theme of a new Swedish film, "The Boy in the Tree," in which several boys kill game illegally just for the sake of excitement. They spend much of their time avoiding their middle-class homes and running around in cars, with Quincy Jones' jazz their main theme in the film. But director Sucksdorff, second in fame here to Ingmar Bergman, is a well-off sportsman himself, and perhaps less aware of the largest number of *raggare* who come from crowded, low-income homes. This element is also lacking in the films "Raggare!" and "Suzanne," where the *raggar* girls come from comfortable homes, although it is suggested that there is perhaps something lacking in the parents' care.

Those who work constantly with the *raggare,* and with the two or three per cent of Swedish youth who commit crimes are less inclined to blame the welfare state than the inequities which still exist, the transience and violence of society generally, and the exaggerated materialistic values and attitudes which they consider bolstered not so much by the welfare state as by the profit motive. The Social Affairs head, who also heads the Social Democratic Women's League, told me that—while she regards youth problems as only a part of the general problem of a changing and urbanized society, and thinks Sweden has no more difficulty than any other Western industrial country—she cannot see how American movies, etc., can be a good influence. The head of Children's Village also stated that the whole civilization offers brutality, not just the United States, but that the good American influences there may be are not the ones usually exported, because they are not "good business." These American influences, he said, are greatest on the children from bad homes: these are the children most influenced by movies and TV, watch more often, have their values shaped by them, and are stimulated to imitate them. It is these very children most susceptible, he said, who need better influences.

The knotty question of censorship arises here, and Swedes are almost as reluctant generally to get tangled up with red tape as freedom-loving Americans. Meanwhile, however, U.S. censors clip out nudity and sexual passion in Swedish films and Swedish censors clip out violence and other passions in American films, although enough is left in both to contribute to their mutual popularity and notoriety. And Swedish TV and film programmers argue that they are only giving people the entertainment they want. Those more alarmed about the situation feel that even in their very selections, programmers are exercising a kind of censorship in favor of sensational, quick-money-making American items which are hardest on the unstable elements of Sweden's population and not much good to the rest. Thus, they argue, you get the restless *raggare*—and the young murderer whose idols were the Cartwright Brothers.

Undoubtedly the greatly-discussed "American image" leaves much to be desired among the more re-

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sponsible and thoughtful elements of Sweden and other countries, envied and imitated and financially bolstered as it is by them. And undoubtedly such societies themselves leave something to be desired if a number of their youth are susceptible to this alien image. (It is interesting that in Russia at the beginning of this year I was told by American exchange students at Moscow University that they had met a few Russian teen-agers who were something between *raggare* and beatniks: their own brand of pro-Americanism was embellished by a proclaimed dislike for Jews and Negroes!) It is possible, too, that there are aspects of the American image which are refreshing and vital and part of eternal youth and rebellion. But whenever I hear about another youthful crime or car accident in Sweden, I think of a short film made by the doctor who went on to make the full-length indictment, "Suzanne." In my mind's eye I see the Swedish teen-ager in the film, lying unconscious and bloody beside his wrecked motorcycle and his dead girlfriend: his necktie, spread conspicuously over his chest, is gaudily decorated with an American flag.

DOLLARS AND YEN

The Touchy Traders of Japan

by EDWARD SEIDENSTICKER

IF THE JAPANESE sometimes seem just a little too touchy on matters of foreign trade, it is not hard to sympathize in a general way. They already have a population crowded more tightly per unit of arable land than any other people in the world, and they can look forward to having it grow for another three or four decades, after which it is expected to level off at well over a hundred million. The Japanese farmer uses his limited land more efficiently than any other farmer anywhere, and, barring disaster, his heroic efforts promise a record-breaking rice crop once more this year—records are broken here with monotonous regularity. Yet if Japan is to live at anything above a bare subsistence level, it must export.

Japan's chief markets, Europe and North America, are far away and not likely to be moved by the plight of Japan to the exclusion of more immediate considerations. The European Common Market threatens to put Japanese goods at a disadvantage, and two forces, the weakening of the dollar and the agitation of pressure groups, make it not very likely that an expanding Japanese economy will find an American market prepared to keep up with it.

As for what are known as "the underdeveloped countries," their reliability as purchasers is limited by economic nationalism and by a want of funds. There is also, of course, "the Socialist bloc," but Mikoyan's visit to Japan in August was a pretty chilling affair. Although he theoretically came for the purpose of improving trade relations, he left a distinct impression that political relations came first, and that not much could be expected until the impediment of the "aggressive" American treaty was removed.

All in all, then, the Japanese have cause to feel picked on. Yet they sometimes seem to feel just a little more picked on than they are. A fair example was the recent debate with the United States over quotas on Japanese cotton textiles.

The Japanese wanted the quota next year raised to just less than a third over the 1960 level, while the Americans were holding out for slightly under a tenth. A compromise figure was at length reached that is considerably nearer the American figure than the Japanese. To the American objection that the United States is after all under no obligation to raise the quota at all, the Japanese have replied that voluntary restrictions imposed by the Japanese themselves have resulted in the raiding of the American market by sellers that have not accepted similar restraints, notably those in Taiwan and Hong Kong. While Japan's exports to the United States have been held down by the Japanese, they say, exports from these less scrupulous regions have risen sharply.

So goes the Japanese argument, and if it were the whole of the story they would indeed have cause to feel picked on. Indeed there may well be some cause. Yet the fact remains that while textile exports from Hong Kong to the United States have been rising, Japanese exports to Hong Kong have also been rising. Since Hong Kong is rather a small place with a limited need for textiles and a textile industry of its own, it seems likely that that city has been serving as a convenient entrepot for exports to the United States, and that the total figure for such exports is considerably

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higher than the aggrieved Japanese claim it to be. It is quite understandable that they should wish it to be still higher; but they are being just a little disingenuous in arguing that the only good boy in the class is at a disadvantage because the teacher allows the other boys to operate under different rules.

THE JAPANESE are prone to state their case a little more strongly than the facts justify because they are upset about their international balance of payments. This has been in the red since early this year, and well-informed analysts predict this situation will continue through the whole of next year. Although foreign-exchange reserves are such that these facts do not add up to the sort of crisis the British with their pound are constantly facing, the assumptions of mercantilism are tenacious, and people assume that reserves are there for purposes of growing and not for purposes of covering deficits. A continuous imbalance makes people jumpy.

However, although it would be nice to boost imports immediately and so be spared those unpleasant red figures, it seems quite probable that the deficits are largely of Japanese making—as distinguished from deficits brought on by, say, a collapse of the American economy—and so are within the power of the Japanese to remedy. Two very important factors in producing the deficits have been the decline of invisible exports, notably shipping, and the rise of imports. The former is due, to some extent at least, to bad Japanese planning, and perhaps cannot be immediately remedied; but the latter is a product of the frightening growth rate in the Japanese economy, and can be. Confidence that it in fact will be is the chief reason for not losing too much sleep over the temporary imbalance.

In a day when the competition to see who can grow the fastest seems to have overtaken the world, it may seem paradoxical that there can be such a thing as a "frightening growth rate." Unless something is done to slow things down, however, Japan may be on the way to becoming a classic Marxist case, a country with the capacity to produce more than it can consume or sell.

Capital expansion does not necessarily bear a relation to prospects for selling, and Japanese industrialists often seem to be more concerned with outdoing the people next door than with surveying the market. When Steelmaker A decides to expand (informed by the Prime Minister that expansion is the thing), so must Steelmaker B, or face the demeaning prospect of admitting to the public that he no longer controls fifteen per cent of the total national capacity.

Even the Prime Minister, who has staked the prestige of his government on rapid economic expansion and has been considered an excessively sanguine prophet in such matters, seems to be a bit dumfounded at what is happening, and to have concluded that it is time to slow things down. In a recent speech before leaders of the industrial and financial world he announced that the time for controlling investment had come—a conclusion he seems to have arrived at some time ago, but which he has been reluctant to announce because of its obvious inconsistency with his favorite rallying-call, aggressive expansion.

Less violent booms in the past have been brought under control by concerted and voluntary action on the part of the banks. It remains to be seen whether this boom of booms will require government intervention. In either case the essential facts would appear to be the same: the deficit in international payments is to be accounted for largely by over-investment inside Japan, and this is a situation which the Japanese are capable of remedying. That in a time of deficit the Japanese should be restless about foreign restrictions is understandable enough; but to dwell on those restrictions alone is to forget that there are major domestic problems to be solved.

IT SOMETIMES seems, too, that if the Japanese are concerned about restrictions they ought to be concerned about *all* restrictions. The possibility of lowering a few barriers of their own does not impress them much though, or if it does it impresses them in a very negative way.

Indeed, as one watches the debate over trade liberalization one is taken back to the Meiji Period, when the battle to rid the nation of "the unequal treaties" was in full swing. The treaties in question were those which followed the opening of the country in the mid-nineteenth century and which denied Japan tariff autonomy and criminal jurisdiction over foreigners. At one point toward the end of the nineteenth century things seemed to be going nicely and a draft treaty to replace the unequal ones had some chance of going through. Then, suddenly, a horrid realization came to the Japanese: in return for giving up extraterritoriality, foreigners would acquire the right to move out of their enclaves and live wherever they chose. A wave of terror swept the country at the notion that the long-nosed, red-headed ones might be moving into the house next door, and so the abrogation of the unequal treaties had to be postponed for several more years.

So it is today. The thought of trade liberalization seems to inspire terror, and the possible advantages tend to be overlooked. For the consumer the advantages would be considerable: on some highly protected commodities, such as sugar, prices would fall abruptly; and on others quality would probably rise. Whiskey is commonly given as a case in point. Whether good for the fabric of society or not, fairly decent domestic whiskey is becoming available at fairly decent prices, and this is because a minor flurry of trade liberalization has caused domestic distillers to be

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aware of foreign quality as they have not traditionally been. But these facts do not seem of very compelling interest to the ordinary consumer, and the representatives of labor, who ought to be interested in getting their wards a cheap bag of sugar, seem to be more concerned about the possibility that trade liberalization will pull the Japanese economy tighter into the embrace of the "capitalist countries."

The worries of the industrialist are perhaps sounder. One does sometimes feel, however, that a Japanese industry which cannot make use of advanced techniques, abundant and cheap labor, and geographic proximity to hang on to the home market does not deserve to survive—and Japan, which refuses to defend itself, cannot fall back upon the national-defense argument for protecting weak industries.

A more cogent consideration is a more positive one: Japan can expect to sell more if it buys more, and the Japanese are at a disadvantage in arguing for bigger quotas on exports of consumer goods to the United States when they are so reluctant to allow any American consumer goods at all in Japan. Even if a person is willing to pay a tax of two hundred per cent, it is about as difficult to bring an American automobile into Japan as it is to get permission to view a Russian missile-launching site. And I was once slapped with such a heavy duty on an electric blanket that I abandoned it to customs.

THERE ARE various reasons, then, for thinking that the Japanese are sometimes a little too touchy on matters of trade restrictions. Yet the fact should not be forgotten that they have a right to worry. Even with the weakening of the dollar the American economy is far less dependent on Japan than the Japanese economy is on the United States. A person may be justified in arguing that there are a number of important things the Japanese can be doing at home to help themselves, but it does not follow that they have no right to complain about what is done to them abroad.

When, for instance, they recently faced the possibility of a boycott by American garment cutters, the Japanese argument was a very familiar and a very telling one: until a country is prepared to isolate itself and suffer the discomforts of isolation, it must be prepared to buy from foreign countries what they can produce more efficiently than it can produce for itself. Unless a country faces a really severe crisis in international payments, and unless the very notion of an international economy is abandoned, there is not much more excuse in principle for excluding legitimately priced Japanese textiles from New York, say, than there is for excluding Missouri shoes from Boston in the interests of the New England shoe industry. So the Japanese argue. The argument is so old that answers ought to come readily; but somehow they do not.

THE SCREEN

WHAT IS TRUTH?

PERHAPS THE LIFE of Christ is too big a subject for a realistic medium like the movies to handle. In the first place everyone has his own interpretation and mental visualization of Our Lord. Secondly, movies today, especially the costly spectacular pageants, have to please altogether too many people.

The latest attempt, "King of Kings," which has the same name but an entirely different story line from Cecil B. DeMille's 1927 try, isn't likely to be entirely satisfactory to anyone. Samuel Bronston's production, with its large cast, authentic costumes, attractive color photography of elaborate sets and of the Spanish countryside where it was made, is an epic on the big scale. The battle scenes, with their blood and gore, add excitement and realism.

Battle scenes? You may well wonder just how battle scenes figure in the story of the Prince of Peace. But there's the rub. Unable to find enough drama in the greatest story ever told, in the beautifully written Gospels themselves, "King of Kings" has added and padded until it has become not the Life of Christ but a fictional version—with the historical facts adjusted and changed to make them fit a dramatic panorama of the times of Christ.

There may be no reason why scriptwriter Philip Yordan should not expand and embellish the cast of characters in his story to add to further understanding. But Yordan has made such a free adaptation, by additions and omissions, so heavily concentrated on supporting characters that Christ's is no longer *the* main role in His own story. The plot, starting in 63 B.C. with the Roman legions conquering Judea, gets so involved in the political situation and the struggle of the oppressed Jews under the tyrannical Romans that Jesus of Nazareth almost becomes just one more character in the complicated story, hardly a successful approach in what purports to be a Life of Christ.

Jesus emerges not as the living Christ, the Son of God, but as an inspired leader. Some of His healings are shown, but most of the miracles are omitted or just reported. Sometimes they are reported in the narration that pops up from time to time and is beautifully read by Orson Welles; sometimes in the accounts given to Pontius Pilate by Lucius, a Roman centurion who figures throughout the movie and is well played by Ron Randell.

On the whole Jeffrey Hunter looks convincing in the title role and plays it with a reverence and stern simplicity that are quite effective—as in the scenes with His mother, with Mary Magdalene, before Pilate and

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in the Sermon on the Mount. It is unfortunate that his voice (in this handsomely photographed Mount scene which extends too long and includes not only the beatitudes but also many of the discourses and the "Our Father") doesn't have a more inspired quality. The Welles voice, used in the narration, would have been perfect for this.

It is also unfortunate that the film makers saw fit to have Hunter's body shaved for the scourging and crucifixion scenes; it looks more like a waxen image from Barclay Street than the body of a man tortured and torn by his cruel fellow men. It must be said, however, that the Way of the Cross and the Calvary scenes themselves have been done very well, with a surprising restraint and good taste for a film spectacle that is not without its share of bloodshed, violence and extravagance.

It is in the big scenes that director Nicholas Ray is at his best—in the colorful Sermon on the Mount and in those well-staged battle scenes that have too little to do with Christ. However, as the story now runs, these combat episodes are vitally connected with Christ. In Yordan's script, Barabbas, the robber who was released by popular demand in place of Jesus, is a revolutionary leader determined to throw off the Roman yoke. And Judas, fascinated by this man who will free the Jews from their Roman oppressors, decided after Barabbas is captured and the rebellion is squelched to betray Jesus and link Him with the revolution so that He in turn will strike down the Romans.

No mention is made of the thirty pieces of silver; and the high priests and Sanhedrin don't figure at all in the trials of Jesus that follow. Barabbas, played with a lot of wild-eyed enthusiasm and method acting by Harry Guardino, and Judas, portrayed by a milder Rip Torn as a patriot who is led astray, are among the film's livelier and more interesting characters; although the Romans, particularly Pilate and his wife, well played by Hurd Hatfield and Viveca Lindfors, manage to stir up considerable interest. Frank Thring and Rita Gam as Herod Antipas and Herodias, and Brigid Bazlen as Salome whoop it up in good old-fashioned style.

Director Nicholas Ray might have done better in guiding Siobhan McKenna, as Mary, and Robert Ryan, as John the Baptist, in their portraits. Both are fine actors and look good in the roles. But Miss McKenna's brogue is distinctly out of place, and Ryan seldom suggests the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Again and again the film fails to come up to expectations.

For all its spectacle and elaborately-staged scenes, "King of Kings" hardly ever reaches the kind of grandeur one has a right to look for in the story of Christ. The script has plenty of time for extra curricular activities but skimps on the Main Figure, and one looks in vain for the parables and miracles—and indeed for the Son of God described in the Gospels. No doubt each viewer, be he believer or non-believer, will approach the film with preconceived ideas. But what this venturesome "King of Kings" lacks is the glory and simplicity of the Gospels.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

THE STAGE

THAT OLD FEELING

LIKE A MAN newly returned from a five-year sojourn in the British Museum, I recently laid myself open to the scintillation and the reputed civilizing energies of our cherished native achievement, the Broadway musical. I saw, within a week or so, four of the young season's major efforts, at least three of them likely to run interminably, at least one already bearing the first marks of apotheosis. And here are some of the things that occurred to me during those arid spaces, whose presence, even the critic of the N.Y. *Herald Tribune* agrees, is to be discovered in all musicals without exception.

The formula according to which each of the shows proceeded was astonishingly rigid, making Aristotle's unities appear by contrast a casual suggestion. A first act of approximately an hour and twenty minutes, a second of from fifty minutes to an hour. The entire company on stage for the opening number, usually for the first act finale and always of course for the second. About ten musical numbers in the first act, six in the second. A reprise or two. Three big dance numbers, two small ones. Comedy giving way to song giving way to romance in approximately eleven complete cycles. The love story inexorably dwindling into marriage. No hard feelings allowed to carry over from the satire, if there has been any.

In these efforts the skill, animation and sheer professional certainty of grasp, while not uniform throughout, were always impressive, giving substance to the claim of one respected critic that our so-called "serious" dramas seldom exhibit a quarter as much of these qualities as even the average musical, and that they are reduced to corpses in comparison with the masterpieces of the genre.

Personality, the presence on the stage of someone who has by size, flair or inimitability become a myth or an exemplar, played an important, sometimes a crucial part in whatever success the shows had, by my standards or more popular ones.

That success also depended upon certain sneaky bits

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of knowledge available to the entrepreneurs: 1) audiences at musicals have a large investment in being entertained and will stretch willingly in almost any direction to insure that happening; 2) a vast noise or a berserk movement is very difficult to distinguish from a significant one; 3) there is by now a widespread and unshakable acceptance of the belief that life is most happily apprehended by persons with three heads, or sets of senses: one attuned to music, another to love, the third to laughter.

I think this is what most struck me about the four evenings: their disconnectedness, their existence as more or less roughly yoked together—sometimes under an excruciatingly arbitrary pressure—segments of actuality and fancy. The musical depends on just that sort of hitching up of disparate elements; but I was amazed to see how even at best the thing remains in lumps, how there is seldom a central shaft or anything truly organic, and yet how generously the audience pretends it is being given the smoothest of oatmeals. Here are the four examples I mentioned, in ascending order of merit.

"Let It Ride" is a weary retelling of "Three Men on a Horse." Only an echo of the original humor remains, and that is due largely to Sam Levene's expertise: we cannot imagine the folk-figure of the brass-tongued, chicken-hearted gambler in any but his lineaments. George Gobel is funny too, shy to the point of evanescence, a bungler among the flesh-pots, but he has no reality in this community of sleek professionals trying desperately to fulfil the formula with nothing but an exhausted anecdote to build on. Perhaps nowhere can the point about the absurdity of musical-comedy conventions be more strikingly seen than in a number where the female lead sings a tender love song while holding Gobel's tiny, truncated suit-jacket. *(At the Eugene O'Neill.)*

"Sail Away" is to some degree a vehicle for Elaine Stritch, and when she is cocking her ravaged and infinitely wised-up features at the audience and exhorting it to rueful recognitions of mortality, all is satisfactory. But when, in obedience to Noel Coward's last-minute decision to combine her comic duties with romantic ones, she stands facing an enormous sun-rayed creature from "Playboy," we enter into a state of embarrassment unequalled since Mrs. Roosevelt rubbed noses with that Maori. I might add that Mr. Coward, in every other detail of this work about a pleasure cruise, unfortunately displays only the most remote resemblance to his fabled self. *(At the Broadhurst.)*

"Milk and Honey" I found a tolerable exercise in myth-making and morale-boosting. It is really not much more than a series of tableaus on the theme of contemporary Israel as epicenter of useful feelings about sacrifice and "belonging," though its exuberant scenes—workers choreographed upon the yielding land, a traditional Jewish wedding—may commend themselves to a larger audience than its producers dreamed of. In any case, Mimi Benzell and Robert Weede, ridiculous as lovers, have superior voices, and Molly Picon, bringing her *hutzpah* up from Second Avenue, is something of a joy. (*At the Martin Beck.*)

Finally, "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying." If we adjust our scale of values, I suppose it deserves its accolades, for I don't imagine there have been many better musicals since "My Fair Lady." But that it's as good as it is results, I think, from just the point I've been making: it issues from a central impulse, in this case a satiric one, and its components flow rather easily into one another, its successive moments constituting a creative chronology and not a series of stopped watches. Yet there were periods of complete boredom, like those in the old Marx Brothers pictures when Harpo was beginning something interesting with the dowager and Chico started to play the piano. And there was also an ultimate though not fatal failure of nerve: an incredibly sentimental number near the end called "The Brotherhood of Man." They tried to disguise it, but it was there to take the edge off the satiric thrusts at company manners and mores, to send everybody home relaxed and with that glow. *(At the Forty-Sixth Street.)*

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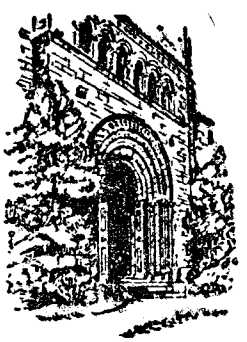

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The Mythic Meaning of America

THE QUEST FOR PARADISE. By Charles L. Sanford. University of Illinois Press. $5.00.

By JOHN P. SISK

"I VENTURE the view," Professor Sanford begins this essay, "that human history, converging in its perspective of time on America, is best understood in relation to the pursuit of paradise—that is, as an imaginative undertaking." Thus his book inevitably invites comparison with R. W. B. Lewis's *The American Adam*. Up to a point the two works are complementary.

Lewis's essay concentrated on the cultural dialogue of three voices (the Party of Hope, the Party of Memory and the Party of Irony) that developed around the myth of the American Adam. Mr. Sanford is less interested in these voices than in the story they contend over. Thus while Lewis could confine himself to the years 1820-1860, Sanford must approach the American scene by way of Europe and the ancient world. In doing so he has surely written one of the most important studies of American civilization that has appeared in our time.

Drawing upon the work of such writers as Eliade, Cohn, Bodkin, Santayana, Mumford and Malinowski, Mr. Sanford begins with the paradise-hades polarization in the ancient world—placing special emphasis upon the Hebrews, for whom "the main poles of history, for the most part, correspond to the opposition of nature and civilization." He then considers the journey-pattern of modern history and the transfer of the second paradise from a heavenly to an earthly future as the pursuit of it. On the way he passes through patristic thinking and medieval millenial aspiration, becomes involved with the "journey toward light" of the early voyagers, the Renaissance and Reformation, and the Protestant departures for the New World to establish "a city on a hill." That latter was a mission in which the departees "regarded themselves as the heirs to all history" who had been ordained by God to hasten "the great day of paradisaic bliss."

More than half the book is concerned with the quest for paradise in the New World. The quest is related to the struggle for empire, the ingrained anti-authoritarian bias, the cult of the new and the belief in inevitable progress, the polarities of nature and nurture, country and city, America and Europe, the ambivalent attitude towards industrialism, the conspirational theory of history, the relations between the sexes, the passion for reform, the confusion of esthetics and morality, the frustration and despair that result from perfectionist expectations, the "domestic dislocation of image and reality" in American foreign policy, and the failure finally to achieve a tragic vision of life.

Such a summary scarcely does justice to a study that so masterfully takes its theme through so much of human history, that so effectively consolidates the work of other scholars with original and clarifying insights. Though he doesn't mention them, Mr. Sanford's essay makes it possible to see how much a part of the American quest-complex are the materials of our current headlines. The New Frontier, the Freedom Riders and the Freedom Fighters, the Peace Corps, the controversies over foreign aid, the UN and bomb testings, the diabolization of the Communists, the charges against Supreme Court justices and former presidents, even Arnold Toynbee's recent statement that the struggle with Madison Avenue is more crucial than the struggle with Communism—all fit revealingly into the picture.

The Quest for Paradise is an exciting and seminal book, written for the intelligent layman as well as for the specialist, and indispensable, it seems to me, to all who are interested in the meaning of America. The reader continually finds himself writing mental footnotes as he extends the author's insights into the contemporary scene: into the eroticized Edenic fantasies of mass culture, the debate over Cuba, the grass-roots appeal of Senator Goldwater and Robert Welch, James A. Michener's discovery of the Hawaiian Golden Man, the right wing's suspicion of college professors, the national passion for exposé literature, the moralistic concern about our increased leisure time, the pessimism of modern fiction. The reader may even find himself speculating uneasily about the outcome of a cold war in which not one but both antagonists possess distinct messianic and utopian traditions.

Because *The Quest for Paradise* is a book of judgments that touch us to the quick it is certain to create opposition. Mr. Sanford's reading of the story will be too mythic for some, not sufficiently economic for others, and, with its admiration for Henry James, too "paleface" for still others. And there are those who will find its analysis of the ambiguities and ironies of the Edenic quest and its espousal of a tragic sense of limitation a betrayal of the American Dream. It will, I believe, stand up well before every such attack.

Inside the Jazz World

NIGHT SONG. By John A. Williams. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $3.50.

By NAT HENTOFF

ON ONE LEVEL, this slight but stinging novel is a topographical map of the jazz world as it looks and feels to many of the Negroes inside. At its core, the book is also an exploratory probe into the small possibilities of candid Negro-white relationships in a period during which the newest of the "new" Negroes are emerging into a slightly more open society

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while still enclosed in a prickly shell of justified skepticism.

Williams's most absorbing creation, in fact, is not his centerpiece, Eagle, a ravaged jazzman in the image of Charlie Parker. Pervading the action is the less fully realized and yet more provocative Keel, a Negro graduate of Harvard Divinity School who has also experimented emptily with Mohammedanism. Keel, dispite his self-doubts, is the major source of strength in his twilight world of jazzmen and their camp followers.

On opposite ends of the seesaw resting on Keel are a weak, white former college teacher and a white girl committed to Keel. The latter relationship is outlined sparely but subtly and is one of the exceedingly few realistic and tenderly unsentimental accounts of an interracial love affair in contemporary fiction. By contrast, there are the female abolitionists: "Their individual sicknesses had catapulted them into this world . . . they could turn as many hip phrases as the men, even if they did sound hollow; they could also talk endlessly about the senselessness of prejudice and discrimination without once understanding their role in its maintenance."

The white male apprentice in the Negro world of *Night Song* is shown as trying to break out of a haze of self-pity and alcohol; but for Williams he is actually more a symbol of the soft majority than he is an individualized character. Keel, speaking for the author, tells the white man—and the rest of us—"It is not only that you do not know where you are, you don't know where we are. Are you at the top looking down or at the bottom looking up?"

The disintegrating Eagle, who once was at least free in his music, provides a raging obbligato to the intersecting themes personified by Keel and the two whites. Along with the somewhat similar Red Travers in Ross Russell's recent jazz novel *The Sound,* Eagle is the most smoulderingly accurate portrait in print of the Negro jazzman who has given up on all the mirages and has also stopped looking too far inside himself, preferring the obliterating sustenance of heroin. In between trips to limbo, he keeps himself alive—for a time—by his biting humor and indignation: "Tell us about jazz and American art and how us niggers did it. Sheeeeeeeeeet! This is my business. This is all I know, man . . . Ain't no spade critics. All the spade deejays, they playin' rock 'n' roll, ain't but a few spade joints that can pay my way. . . . You white, it's your world. You won't let me make it in it and you can't. Now ain't that a bitch?"

In the novel's most chilling scene, Eagle, walking in a white neighborhood in a strange town, is stopped by a cop and the two fall into a menacing minuet, the end of which Eagle already knows and therefore hastens, in a blind groping to salvage some self-respect. The passage should be read by those police commissioners who remain sorely puzzled by the lack of enthusiasm that bystanders in Negro and Puerto Rican neighborhoods often display about helping a cop in trouble.

As a novel, *Night Song* is flawed because only Eagle and Keel come fitfully into believable life. The whites are more ghosts than problems. But as a sounding of the dissonances endemic to being a Negro right now, the book has the impact of the way it is.

Williams, moreover, can write. His quick sketches of the elusive confraternity of jazz bring the restless members more troublingly into focus than any number of those caught-in-the-external-act photographs of blowing musicians. As drummer Jo Jones once impatiently said to a critic who kept asking him about his past record dates, "You know, we also do a lot of living out here."

To Be a Priest

THE TIBER WAS SILVER. By Michael Novak. Doubleday. $3.95.

By CATHARINE HUGHES

WITH ALL the talk about atomic test bans and the like, perhaps someone should sug-

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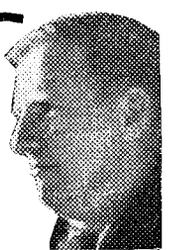
gest yet another moratorium. The suspension of novels about priests and ex-priests, seminarians and ex-seminarians would, of course, reduce that redoubtable genre, "the Catholic novel," by at least half. Further, it might contribute appreciably to Catholic fiction becoming somewhat more *catholic*.

Of course, one occasionally encounters a novel centered on the priesthood which is *artistically* justifiable and successful. Edwin O'Connor's *The Edge of Sadness* and Morris L. West's *The Devil's Advocate* come immediately to mind. More frequently, however, exactly the opposite is the case. Often, this is merely the consequence of what must be the most incredibly difficult task of knowing, of adequately capturing and conveying, the spiritual-temporal dichotomy of the priesthood. Less frequently, however, one finds a novelist who undoubtedly is fully conscious of this factor, yet is unable, for one reason or another, to successfully transmit this familiarity into viable, convincing form. Such, unfortunately, would seem to be the case with Michael Novak's *The Tiber Was Silver*.

Mr. Novak's Richard McKay is a young seminarian studying in Rome. In addition, he is a painter of considerable talent—or so we are asked to believe; Mr. Novak offers little evidence. Richard's love affair with Rome, his philosophical wanderings, his encounters with various racial and cultural temperaments, the conflict between art (freedom) and his impending ordination, make up the bulk of *The Tiber Was Silver*. Mr. Novak unquestionably has a great deal to say, but, like his protagonist, he might well have been warned: "You want to do it all at once."

It is in the formulation of Richard's philosophical and emotional problems, however, that the novel is ultimately least convincing. Because they are almost excessively intellectualized and because the introduction of such fairly tangential elements as a fleeting encounter with a girl are given so disproportionate a role to play, it is extremely difficult to see exactly where Richard's problem lies. There are some areas in which the novelist can only suggest, leaving it to the reader to fill in the almost personal detail which renders the whole. And this, perhaps, is the source of Mr. Novak's trouble. Rather than capturing a spiritual or emotional attitude and atmosphere, he provides an almost academic exercise. Indeed, even when Richard is represented as uncertain, it is with a studied vagueness which deprives his dialogue, and to a lesser extent also his reflections, of that very quality of naturalness which is so patently necessary to engage our sympathy in order to convey an artistically satisfying conflict.

To portray successfully the unquestioned drama, the searching and the doubt, the grandeur and the human imperfection contributing to Richard's decision regarding the priesthood, would require not only



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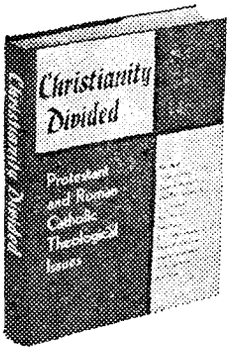

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a very profound understanding but a technical virtuosity which it is perhaps unfair to demand of a first novel. More practically, therefore, one might ask, with Richard's spiritual director: "You think it can be told in words?" Which is perhaps, the clue to Mr. Novak's dilemma.

Irony, Earthiness and Wild Humor

THE SPINOZA OF MARKET STREET. By Isaac Bashevis Singer. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $3.95.

By WILLIAM JAMES SMITH

ISAAC SINGER has been on the staff of the Yiddish language newspaper the *Jewish Daily Forward* since he came to the United States from his native Poland in 1935. All his work, including three earlier novels and a collection of short stories, have been written in Yiddish and translated by other hands. The first of his works to appear in English came out in 1950. The historical novel *Satan in Goray* appeared in 1955 and the earlier book of short stories, *Gimpel the Fool,* in 1957. Singer belongs in the tradition of Jewish folk literature, with its irony and earthiness and wild humor and its emphasis on the supernatural, but to anyone unfamiliar with the genre except by its reputation Singer is apt to come as a revelation.

This revelation consists chiefly in the realization, not after all an uncommon one to those who read eclectically, that genre limitations are not limitations at all in the hands of the really talented. "Folk" literature need not be merely quaint or amusing—it is capable of the same emotional range as more ambitious forms. But of course Singer is a writer of folk literature only in the sense that Frank O'Connor is —the two, incidentally, bear a remarkable number of similarities—in the sense that they both strive for the conversational, gathered-round-the-fire tone that means so much in terms of immediacy.

The O'Connor comparison can be taken much further. Singer and O'Connor move in their best stories in the circumscribed world of the peasantry, the world of a "simple" people, socially and intellectually dominated by priest or rabbi, and emotionally moving about the moral necessities of religion and marriage. Like O'Connor, Singer delights in the sometimes grim, sometimes amusing, sometimes tender predicaments of the mismated. The title story of this collection deals with an aging and impoverished philosopher who marries an ignorant woman of the market place who brings him the only love he has known but no contentment. "Divine Spinoza," he murmurs to the stars, "forgive me. I have become a fool."

The other long story in this fine collection, "The Destruction of Kreshev," deals with similar ironic compassion toward the intellectuals and the tragedies they bring upon themselves. Shloimele and his young wife Lise delve too deeply into the cabala and, with the assistance of Satan, bring destruction on themselves and all those about them. Satan, in point of fact, is a real presence throughout Singer's works and his special delight is the clever man—or woman—with his innate capacity for self-destruction. Samael, "that one," tells a number of these stories and, in one Shiddah, the she-devil and her son Kuziba flee in terror at the approach of man, God's mistake: "For when God created the last of all the worlds, the earth, his love for our mistress, Lilith, was stronger than ever. Only for an instant his gaze wandered, and in that instant he produced man—an evil mixture of flesh, love, dung, and lust."

For the most part, however, Singer takes a rather less grim view of man. "A Piece of Advice" ends with the aphoristic device of the teller of folk tales: "And so it is with all things. If you are not happy, act the happy man. Happiness will come later. So also with faith. If you are in despair, act as though you believed. Faith will come after-

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wards." Man has his share of the responsibility.

Singer and O'Connor, for all their similarity, part company in one significant way. O'Connor takes the trivial, the commonplace and magnifies it into its ultimate artistic importance, whereas Singer deals with the charged situation, the circumstances of death, lust, madness, violence, and brings them in his own way into their human, their artistic, limitations. In the story entitled "In the Poorhouse" the Whore and the Thief recount their almost forgotten sorrows. Bashe recalls her beauty and the man she might have married, Jonah his last attempted theft when he "kept stopping and wanting to turn back," until it was too late. In the cold and darkness their voices sum up the eternal question:

"Well, everything is destined. Everything is written for us above, to the last breath. As my grandmother used to say: Nobody is mightier than the Almighty."

"Who writes it all? God?"

"Not you."

"Where does he get so much paper?"

"Don't let your brains dry up in worrying about that."

"Man has his share of responsibility too."

"No, he hasn't. . . ."

The translations in *The Spinoza of Market Street* are by various hands and are excellent from the point of view of readability and consistency of tone. That is perhaps another tribute to Singer as a story teller, since his effectiveness is that of the story he tells and the significantly selected detail rather than any mere verbal felicity. Singer is a writer to be reckoned with.

REVIEWERS

John P. Sisk, a regular contributor, is on the faculty of Gonzaga University, Spokane.

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